

† The Dying Tears of a True Lover forsaken.

Made on his Death-Bed, the Hour before his Death.

To the Tune of, *Come live with me, &c.*



THESE gentle Hearts that true Love crave,
Where true Love can no Harbour have,
From shedding Tears cannot refrain,
But mourn with me that lov'd in vain;
Sore sick in Love, sore sick in Mind,
Come, gentle Death, my Life unwind,
For Cupid's Shaft and golden Bow,
Now seeks my Joys to overthrow.

Upon my Death-Bed I have pen'd
The Story of my fatal End;
Vain World, behold, I dye, I dye,
Here murder'd by Love's Cruelty:
O Sarah Hill, thou art the Wight,
That turn'd my Joy to sharp Despight,
Thou art the Causer of my Death,
Farewell, false Love, farewell, my Breath.

Be warn'd ye Wantons by my Fall,
In Love there is no Truth at all;
Although in Love you live untrue,
There are some Maids as false as you:
Her Beauty dazzled so mine Eyes,
That in her Breast my Heart still lies,
I lov'd her, but she lov'd not me,
Wherefore behold, I dye, I dye.

O cursed Eyes, why did you gaze
Upon her fair and flattering Face?
O wherefore did my Eyes behold
One fram'd of such unconstant Mold?
Come wrap me in my winding Sheet,
And bear me sadly through the Street,
That from her Eyes salt Tears may shed,
When for her sake she sees me dead.

In outward Shew she joyned Hands,
And vow'd to live in Wedlock Bands,
But she unkind hath me despis'd,
And broke my Heart so highly priz'd:
O Lord, what Grief do I sustain,
Who liv'd despis'd, and lov'd in vain:
But, Lord, how well are they repaid,
Which hap to choose a constant Maid?

There is no living Wight that knows,
The pining Pain and endless Woes,
That we forsaken Lovers hide,
But such as have the Torments try'd,
I needs must yield now Life doth fade,
Death's Coming cannot be deny'd:
O reach the Bible, pray to me,
For that my Soul's true Love shall be.

Go tole my Passing-Bell, dear Friends,
For here a Lover's Journey ends,
But mark what Fortune she shall have,
When she hath laid me in the Grave;
I do not doubt but you shall see,
Her Body paid in Misery
And made a Laughing-Stock to those,
Who now her great Unkindness knows.

You of the gentle-Craft that be,
Shew this kind Favour unto me:
That to the World this mournful Song
Be chanted sweetly you among;
And some of you I do request,
To bear me to my longing Rest.
And lay my Carcass in the Ground,
With ringing Bells melodious Sound.

To my dear Love then go and say,
Her Change of Mind cast me away;

Bid her hard Heart so constant prove,
To him that next shall be her Love.
With that he yielded up his Life,
Where Death gave End to farther Strife;
Desiring God that sits in Heaven,
His Lover's Sins might be forgiven.

Thus have you heard *Hugh Hill's* good Mind,
Who never prov'd in Love unkind;
But to his End continued true,
Not changing an old Friend for new.

PART II.

COME, young Lasses, and listen well,
Unto the Tale that I shall tell;
For unto you I will unfold
A Matter worthy to be told:
There was a young Man lov'd me well,
A Shoemaker, his Name *Hugh Hill*;
His Heart with Love did burn amain,
And I seem'd to love him again.

Then were we made sure together,
But I, unconstant as the Weather,
Did him forsake, I was so nice,
When in the Church we were asked thrice:
When that he saw I was unkind,
And that I had a cruel Mind,
For Love of me he lost his Life,
Because I would not be his Wife.

I never car'd what he did say,
But suffer'd him to pine away;
And when he yielded up his Breath,
I quickly had forgot his Death;
But in my Bed upon a Time,
As many Things came in my Mind,
There, smiling, to my self I said,
I think that I shall die a Maid.

Then many a Youth I thought upon,
I lov'd and fancy'd many a one;
I hated some, and some reserv'd
To like and love as they deserv'd:
But in the midst of all my Choice,
I heard a lamentable Voice,
With Musick sounding to the Ear,
But not to me, as did appear.

For when I heard what it might be,
That was the Cause of this Melody,

And at the Window a Voice did cry,
Hugh Hill is dead, fie, Sarah, fie.
My Conscience then tormented me,
By my false Heart and Treachery;
And ever more the Voice would cry,
Go pine thy self, repent and die.

Methought it was the Voice of *Hugh*,
Of good *Hugh Hill* that was so true,
That was so faithful unto me,
Yet used him most wickedly:
O there he did my Faults express,
And I the same must needs confess;
For I killed him with Cruelty,
For which I would, but cannot die.

And since that Time my Heart is light,
And all my Body altered quite,
Mine Eyes are sunk into my Head,
Which makes me look like one that's dead;
My Face that was so fresh and fine,
As clear as is the Claret Wine,
Is now transform'd to another Hue,
Both grim and loathsome to the View.

My Skin is wither'd, my Flesh is gone,
And nothing left but Skin and Bone;
And now I pine most dolefully,
Wishing for Death, but cannot die:
Therefore, sweet Maids, that Suitors have,
Yield unto them that true Love crave;
O do not cast a Man away,
Lest you your selves go to decay.

If unto you a young Man come,
You are so fine you'll ne'er have done,
Until your Beauty fall away,
You scorn most Men you are so coy:
Fie, fie, remember what you are,
Do not refuse while you are fair;
Unto your true Loves be not coy,
'Tis good to take them while you may.

As you are coy, so have I been,
But see the Grief I now live in,
That was it not for my Soul's Health;
I should be willing to kill my self:
Therefore, fair Maids, amend in time,
Lest that your Woes be like to mine;
And pray to God to end my Grief,
Or else to rid me of my Life.

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